

NEW YORK CONTINENTAL



Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK, STRICTLY MUTUAL!

Assets, \$5,362,814 26!

ISSUES all the new forms of Policies, and presents as favorable terms as any company in the United States. The Company will make temporary loans on its Policies. Thirty days' grace allowed on each payment, and the policy held good during that time. Policies issued by this Company are non-forfeiture.

No extra charges are made for traveling permits. Policy-holders share in the annual profits of the Company, and have a voice in the elections and management of the Company. No policy or medical fee charged.

JUSTUS LAWRENCE, Pres't.
M. B. WYNKOPF, Vice Pres't.
J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y.
J. F. EATON, General Agent,
No. 6 North Third Street,
College Block, Harrisburg, Pa.

Incorporated by the Court of Common Pleas, in 1869; by the Legislature, in 1871.

The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company OF POTTSVILLE, PA.

Capital and Assets, \$156,000.

Premium Notes,.....	\$100,000 00
Promissory Notes,.....	50,000 00
Cash premiums due or collected for the year 1871, \$3,028 00	
Cash premiums due or collected for the first three months of 1872,.....	1,800 00
Cash from other sources and agents,.....	1,300 00
Judgment Bonds in Company's office,.....	1,100 00
Total Cash,.....	\$6,128 00
Total cash and note assets, April 1st, 1872,.....	\$156,128 00

JAMES H. GRIER, | JOHN D. HADESTY,
Secretary. President.

DIRECTORS:
John D. Hadeaty, A. P. Helms, Benjamin Teter, A. Butermeister, James H. Grier, E. F. Jungkurt, Elias Miller.

AGENTS:
H. H. Hill, Edward Fox, John A. Kable, Edward Wesley, Charles E. Deibert, Wm. H. Griffith, E. F. Jungkurt, General Agent. Arrangements have been made with other first-class companies to re-insure risks taken on the cash plan in such amounts as desired. Liberal commission allowed agents, and exclusive territory, if desired. This Company confines itself to fire insurance exclusively.

OFFICE:
No. 191 CENTRE ST., POTTSVILLE, PA.

NOTICE.
The Home Reserve force of The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company of Pottsville, Pa., will be in Perry county in considerable force, and act as the Company's Agents until a full line of Local Agents can be appointed when the reserve force will be recalled.
JAMES H. GRIER,
Sec'y of Pa. Central Ins. Co.

Insurance Notice.
On and after the tenth day of April, 1872, The Home Reserve force of Insurance Agents belonging to "The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company" will leave Pottsville in heavy force, and occupy ten different counties of the State, where they will continue to act as the Company's Agents until a full line of Local Agents can be appointed, when they will be recalled. As a body of men, I believe they are superior Insurance Agents, and most of them speak the English, French, Welsh and German Languages. The City Insurance Journals, with all their sneers at Mutual Companies, and continual cry of Fraud! Fraud! &c., cannot muster any better Insurance material! Why don't they tell the public that more than half the Stock Companies started within the last ten years have? It is a well-known fact that Mutual Companies cannot fail.
JAMES H. GRIER,
Secretary of Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company. 6 16

New Carriage Manufactory,
ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CARLISLE ST.,
New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

THIS subscriber has built a large and commodious Shop on High St., East of Carlisle Street, New Bloomfield, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture to order.

Carriages
Of every description, out of the best material.
Sleighs of every Style,
built to order, and finished in the most artistic and durable manner. Having superior workmen, he is prepared to furnish work that will compare favorably with the best City Work, and much more durable, and at much more reasonable rates.
REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done. A call is solicited.
SAMUEL SMITH.

For the Bloomfield Times.
A Trip Westward, via the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road.

The following descriptive letter which was written by a native of this county contains much that will interest our readers, and that will be our excuse for publishing so lengthy a communication:

Mr. Editor:—If you will allow me the use of a column in the TIMES I will offer for the benefit of my Perry county friends, and others, an account of a trip across the Alleghenies, via the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road. We commence our journey on a pleasant day in June, and in order to get a good start, we leave Carlisle on the 9 A. M. train, and pass up the Cumberland Valley; "the most beautiful piece of country that the sun ever shone upon." Flying past fields of beautiful waving grain through pleasant shady groves, and not failing to notice the comfortable dwellings, and beautiful homes of our thrifty Cumberland Valley farmers, we say good-bye, for we know that another such a scene will not meet our eyes until we return again to our own native home. Stop at Hagerstown, and next morning take the 5-25 train for Harpers Ferry via the Washington county Branch. Here we strike the Baltimore and Ohio road at the confluence of the Shenandoah and the Potomac rivers, and where the streams united, break through the Blue Ridge. The scenery in the vicinity of Harpers Ferry is in the highest degree beautiful and picturesque. Thomas Jefferson considered the "Passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge one of the most stupendous scenes in nature, and the view well worth a trip across the Atlantic." The place was originally called Shendoah Falls, but derives its present name from a Ferry long since established there. No doubt our Perry county friends will remember the domitable but foolish John Brown of Ossawatimie, who by his daring exploits at this place became famous. The old building in which he was captured still stands, being about the only building left standing of the old Government Arsenal. The scenery all around Harper's Ferry is grand, but any part of the town as a place of residence, would be my last choice in the world. The house tops on one of the streets are just on a level with the cellar floors of the buildings in their rear, there being no room for a street between them. In fact no four-footed animal except a dog or cat ever gets up there. A great many of the buildings have been destroyed by war, fire and water.

But here is the train for Wheeling, we get aboard, and the boys say, "If you can't get a board get a slab." We leave the Potomac to the right, and after a ride of 19 miles come to the old town of Martinsburg, which certainly looks no better for the wear it got during the war. It has a population of nearly 6000. They claim 7000; and like Carlisle has an overplus of American Citizens of African descent, who as soon as it is dark come out from every nook and corner, and through the side walks almost to the exclusion of "de white trash." Greeley is trump here and white hats are plenty. But let us get out of this town, for the heat of the sun has sent the mercury up to 100 degrees above Fahrenheit in the shade, and we Pennsylvanians are not accustomed to that very often at home. We now start out nearly due north, and at Cherry Run again strike the Potomac, and change our course westward, and after following the Potomac 65 miles, through a country of hills and mountains, but picturesque and beautiful, we find ourselves again running nearly due north and into the beautiful town of Cumberland; which has a population of about 10,000 though they claim 12,000. Cumberland is on the main line of the B. & O. R. R. and at its junction with the Pittsburg Baltimore and Washington road. This is also the northern terminus of the Cumberland & Pa., R. R., and is the County seat of Allegheny county, and is located on the north bank of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, extending to Georgetown D. C. The manufacturing business consists in a few foundries, one large rolling mill which employs 500 to 600 hands, and pays out as high as \$30 000 wages, per month. They have two furniture factories one of which is owned by Mr. Butler, (not "Ben,") and is most extensive of the kind in the state of Maryland. Schools and churches are well represented, and some of the finest residences along the road are to be found here. The town is entirely hemmed in by mountains, and when "old Sol" begins to pour down his piercing rays, the weary pedestrian begins to puff and blow and look for shade. There are quite a number of Pennsylvanians living here, but the majority of the population are foreign Dutch and Irish. We have now been in Cumberland 24 hours; and it is Saturday evening; and to escape the heat of the sun, and get a good Sabbath day's rest, we get on the five o'clock train, and start westward, for Oakland; a pleasant summer resort, on the top of the Alleghenies, 54 miles west of Cumberland.

Piedmont is a town of about 1500 of a population, situated right at the eastern foot or base of the Allegheny mountains. It is black and smoky, as are all the towns in this vicinity, a great mining district, and as it lies down in a kind of natural basin, the only things visible from a central standpoint, are hills and mountains. Here we begin to ascend the mountain in good earnest

and now begins the tug of war. The faithful old Iron Horse begins to puff and wheeze for seventeen continuous miles, we go up, up, up, at the rate of one hundred and seventeen feet per mile, until we reach Altamont, the highest point on the road, and we find ourselves at an altitude of nearly 3000 feet above tide, and such a decided change in the atmosphere, that we begin to button up our coats. Here the streams divide and when we stand on the summit and face to the south, the water on our right runs to the west, while that on the left runs eastward. Nine miles more, across the top, and we come to Oakland, and after we get the smoke and dust washed from our faces, we take some supper; after which we begin to look around after business, but find the merchants too busy to give us their attention and we take a walk around town, and after counting the people, find the population to be about 750. The top of the mountain is 13 miles wide, and is chiefly used for grazing. The very best mutton in the country is to be found here, from the fact that the sheep enjoy the pure fresh mountain air, and live principally on such vegetation as does the deer, among which is the mountain Lilly.

Game, such as deer, turkey, pheasants etc., etc., abound, and in the mountain streams are plenty of nice speckled trout. They are brought to Oakland and sold at 40 cents per pound and some of them generally find their way to the table of our worthy host, Mr. John Daley, who keeps the Glades Hotel, and well it is kept; as he understands his business, is a perfect gentleman, knows just how to serve his guests, and generally treats them so well that they are very apt to "call again." About a mile west of Oakland are several farms, known as the "Glades." There is the Silver Glade, the Moss Glade, etc., etc. There is but little grain raised, but that which is produced, is of the finest quality. Wheat generally weighs from 65 to 68 lbs, Oats 38 to 42, and rye, corn and buckwheat in proportion. The "city folks" to the number of 250 to 300 generally visit Oakland, to spend the hot summer months. Stopped there over Sunday when the mercury stood at 100 degrees above Fahrenheit at Cumberland, and found the air cool and refreshing, and at night slept comfortably, under three blankets. Monday morning we take the train for Wheeling, West Va, 147 miles north west of Oakland, and as it is a slow mail train, we may expect to have plenty of time for observation along the way. At Cranberry Summit we begin descending the mountain, and after seven miles ride, reach the base at Amblersburg. A short distance west of Rowlesburg we cross the Cheat River trestle work built across the hills, or gorges in the mountains, running up from the river. This structure is built of iron, is 175 to 180 feet high, and as the train rushes across at the dizzy height supported only by apparently frail looking benches or trestles we take our position on the rear platform of the last car, and the most magnificent scene that we ever beheld is presented to our eyes. Huge mountains towering far above us, on the right and on the left, the deep waters of the Cheat River lying far below us, and almost under our feet, and we running over the fearful height of nearly 200 feet, at the rate of 25 miles an hour. Suppose an axle, or a rail should break, thought we; where would we be? But we don't apprehend any such danger, for such accidents are of very rare occurrence on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, and we feel as secure as if we were at home. We are drawn by an eight wheeled engine, but here on account of another heavy grade on the road, another huge ten wheeler is added, and the two engines puffing and blowing, take us up to Tunnelton, and we pass through the Kingwood Tunnel, seven-eighths of a mile in length. It is the longest on the road. The next in length is Broad Tree Tunnel 3-4 of a mile in length. The very best pine timber is found here on the mountains, and is shipped in large quantities to many of the principal towns in Ohio. The principal shipping points for lumber are Swanton and Deer Park. Talk about "Love in a Cottage"—I'd rather live a bachelor life in the suburbs of one of our quiet little Pennsylvania towns, than to experience that sweet sensation a whole life time in one of the beautiful little mud daubed log "cottages" up in these Alpine regions, to say nothing of the pleasant companions with which you must associate, in the way of rattlesnakes, copperheads, bed bugs etc., etc. Saw a man yesterday who while trying to make the acquaintance of an old Rattler, by punching it with a stick, received a blow from it on his thumb, and from present indications, a coffin of large proportion will soon be wanted. We soon come to Grafton West Va., a lively little town of about 2500 of a population, and as towns of that size are scarce between Cumberland and Wheeling, it is a very important point, and looked upon by the country folks as the "City." Here the road branches, the main line extending to Parkersburg W. Va. and the northern branch running to Wheeling 90 miles North west of Grafton, and 379 miles from Baltimore. As our communication is becoming rather lengthy and there is little of interest to be noticed on the rest of our journey to Wheeling we will pass over it in silence, but will not close without first informing our friends that if they ever travel in West Virginia,

and behave themselves as all law abiding citizens do, they will be treated well, and will find a few good hotels where they will be able to get all they can eat, if they pay for it. And if they happen to get on the 7:15 a. m. train, starting from Cumberland, westward, every morning, they will find the conductor, Mr. S. A. Sprague to be a perfect gentleman, pleasant and accommodating, and always ready to give any information, or assistance which the passengers may desire. But I was going too add to our friends that if they fail to observe the laws here, the State Penitentiary of West Virginia is now being erected at Moundsville 9 miles below Wheeling, and when completed will be one of the finest and strongest structures in the state and will defy the strongest attempt of any lodgers to get out who once happen to get within its walls. But Ho! we are running into Wheeling, a short description of it and we are done. It has a population of 20,000, and the importance of this place is due to its great number of manufactories, some of the most extensive of which are rolling mills, nail factories, wire mills etc., etc. The hills which rise in the immediate vicinity contain inexhaustible beds of coal which is furnished at a small cost, and which of itself is quite an item to manufacturers, and gives them advantages over many others. The buildings are not of the handsomest, and are black and smoky. The city is situated on the east bank of the Ohio river, 93 miles below Pittsburgh. At Zaues Island, opposite the city, the National road crosses the river over a beautiful wire suspension bridge measuring 1000 feet in length, which connects the city with Bridgeport, Ohio.

I will put in a period here for the present time and at some future time may give you a description of a trip over the Central Ohio Division of the B. and O. road. Meanwhile I remain Yours &c. I. C. S.

A Bad Fix.

A SAN FRANCISCO paper of recent date tells the following:

A good story came in with the overland train on Monday night. Among the passengers was a young man possessed of a judicious spirit of economy and a pardonable share of vanity. The judicious economy was made manifest to the other occupants of the car by the fact that the young man wore plain clothing and a single Cheviot shirt all the way from Chicago and for the pardonable vanity—well how that became apparent is where the joke comes in. He had only been to the East on a visit, and the girl he had left behind him had been notified in advance of his approach, and, in company with a few other friends was to meet him at Niles' station.

Visions of rapture floated through his brain, and seating himself in a secluded corner of the car, he poured forth his spirit's gladness in a gush of melody, somewhat as thus:

"Home again, home again,
From a foh-hoh-reign shore;
And oh! it fills my so-o-oul with joy
To me-he-eat my friends once more."

Suddenly he hushed his notes of joy and reached for his carpet-bag.

The appalling idea flashed across his mind that the shirt which had done him so much good service—which clung to him during the toilsome journey across two thousand miles of mountain, plain and desert—was not exactly the thing to appear in if one wished to intensify an already good impression. It certainly wouldn't be the clean thing, he said to himself—it wouldn't be justice to the shirt. So he resolved to change it. But how? The car contained several lady passengers, and they watched everything that was going on around them with an assiduity that did honor to the sex. "Ah, ha! str-rategy, my boy!" said this resolute young man unto himself. "The tunnel—we are approaching the tunnel. With good management I can do the deed in the long tunnel just beyond Sunol;" and with a heavenly smile on his manly features he gracefully lifted the carpet bag from the floor, unlocked it, and drew forth a snowy shirt, with nice frilled bosom. Then from another recess he drew a little packet containing a pair of sleeve-buttons and a set of studs, which were quickly adjusted in their proper places.

Casting a careful glance from the window, he saw that the train was not far from the tunnel where the metamorphosis was to take place, and so he turned his back upon the other passengers, and began to loosen sundry buttons—in short, prepared to sluck himself. Presently the eventful moment came. The iron horse plunged into the dark recesses of the tunnel, and the car was shrouded in impenetrable darkness. Presently a ray of light gleamed in fantastic shapes along the rugged wall of the tunnel, and by its faint glimmer a struggling figure was discernible in the direction of the young man's seat. As the light became stronger, its gyrations became more frantic. Its great long arms, encased in white, thrashed wildly about as though in the agony of despair, and finally when with a shriek of joy the engine dashed into the dazzling sunlight, it sank into its seat, apparently crushed with mortification and chagrin.

The ladies screamed with terror and hid their blushes at the unusual apparition.—

Strong men crushed their handkerchiefs into their mouths and nearly choked with emotion. The figure reclined motionless on the soft cushion, until some one with more courage than the rest advanced to ascertain who it was. Finally the terrible truth was revealed. The white covering was lifted, and from beneath appeared the features of our young friend, clothed with carnation's richest hue. The mystery was soon explained. He had gotten the Cheviot off, but alas! in his hurry and excitement he had forgotten to undo the collar fastening of the white frilled front. Horror! It would not go over his head!

A Singular Adventure.

THERE once lived in St. Petersburg an aged man, who, though poor, had always been noted for strict honor and integrity, and whose whole course of life was regular as clock-work. Each morning he left his modest dwelling precisely at the same hour, passed through the old clothes-market to his bureau and after six hours' labor was accomplished, returned by the self-same route. His garments were shabby of long service, and the covering on his cap was worn to shreds. The urgent solicitation of his daughters finally induced him to replace the latter article, and seeing some of a green color one day in a window, he went in and inquired the price. The shopman however refused to sell them, on the plea that they were already bespoken, and offered to show him others of a different hue; but the old man had set his heart on green.

"Well, then," said the man, "if you must absolutely have it, take it, and, if needed, I can finish one by to-morrow in its place."

The bargain was accordingly concluded, and the next day no small excitement was created by the appearance of the cap, which elicited from his colleagues smiling congratulation on his successful purchase.

Two days afterward, the heat being intense in the bureau, he felt in his pocket for his handkerchief, in order to wipe his face, and he drew forth, to his great astonishment, one of the fine India foulard silk. He showed it to his colleagues, and inquired if he had by mistake appropriated another person's property; but one and all disclaimed all knowledge of it, and agreed unanimously that it must be a surprise from one of his daughters.

"Children," said he, upon his return to his house, "who has done this? Do you wish to make me vain in my old age?"

His daughters also declared their ignorance of the matter, and, after random guesses, finally made up their minds that it must have been put into his pocket by their cousin, who spent the last Sunday with them, and the handkerchief was carefully put aside by their father.

On the following day, as he was carefully spreading his coat-tails in order to seat himself at the desk, he felt something hard in both pockets, and putting in his hand, brought out from one a gold watch, and from the other a well-furnished purse. This time his reason was overwhelmed; but, after a long reflection, he formed a sudden resolution. He had been more punctual than the other officials, determined to say nothing of his discovery, and as soon as the office-hours were over, he went directly to the chief of police, and solicited a private audience. He then produced the watch and purse, and related the history of the handkerchief. After the chief had fully possessed himself of all the particulars, he said:

"It is very singular! Has nothing of the kind ever happened to you before?"

"Never before last week."

"Have you made any change in your dress within that time?"

"No."

"Recollect."

"Oh, yes; certainly! I bought a new cap!"

"Tell me how and where you bought it!"

The old man told him everything connected with his purchase; upon which the chief laughed heartily, and exclaimed:

"Poor, honest man that you are, you have become a member of a gang of thieves. Do you not perceive? Their twenty caps of the same shape and color were to serve them as a mark of recognition, and as every pickpocket seeks to divest himself as soon as possible of his stolen goods, they have taken you for an accomplice and transferred those things to your pockets. We are greatly indebted to accident and to you. Take this money, and buy another cap from one of the magazines; then bring this one back immediately; for as I hope to have the whole gang in my power to-morrow, you must not run the risk of being arrested also."

The old man went into the shop and purchased another covering for his head; but as he was about to tie up his cap in his handkerchief, in order to take it back to the police-officer, he found in the crown, to his no small surprise, a small piece of lace. He hastened to deliver this fresh booty into the hands of the chief, who again burst into a peal of laughter when he beheld the despairing countenance of the old man.

The necessary measures were immediately taken. Two dozen detectives were made acquainted with the form of the cap, and simultaneously, at precisely the same hour, every possessor of the sign was placed in durance vile.